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## THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

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THOMAS J. WARREN.

### TERMS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following terms: For one Square (fourteen lines or less) in the semi-weekly, one dollar for the first, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. In the weekly, seventy-five cents per square for the first, and thirty-seven and a half cents for each subsequent insertion. Single insertions one dollar. Semi-monthly, monthly and quarterly advertisements charged the same as for a single insertion.

The number of insertions desired, and the edition to be published in must be noted on the margin of all advertisements, or they will be published semi-weekly until ordered discontinued and charged accordingly.

### Timely Hints to All.

**FRIENDS.**—Reader, if you have a valued friend, in whose welfare you feel an interest, that friend will prize, as a precious memorial, your Daguerrotype Miniature, if taken in Squier's peculiar style.

**PARENTS.**—If you are still blessed with Parents, and no Artist's Pencil has or can truly trace the lineaments of his or her familiar face or form, you may well act the part of wisdom to advise or persuade them to visit, without delay, Squier's Daguerrotype Rooms, and have their Miniatures taken in his superior style of art.

**TO ALL.**—How many have lost a Father, a Mother, a Sister, a Brother, or an innocent fraternal, and have not even the shadow of a resemblance to look upon. After the separation, some "little toy" or trifling article is often kept for years, and cherished as a token of remembrance. How much more valuable would be one of Squier's perfect Daguerrotype Miniatures of the "loved and lost."

There is scarcely any one who does not take pleasure in gazing on the features of a friend, and when that friend has been removed by death, we often hear the exclamation uttered with an expression of deep regret, "Oh, what would I not give for such a picture of my friend?"

Reader, perhaps you cannot do a better thing, while your mind is upon the subject, than take an hour or two now, and visit the gallery; then you may, at some future period, have reason to feel grateful for these "Gentle Hints" from

SQUIER'S DAGUERREAN GALLERY.  
September 24. 77

### Florida Lands for Sale.

THE following valuable Tracts of LAND, lying in Marion and Alachua counties, will be offered at private sale during the months of October, November and December, next, viz: "WETUMPKA HAMMOCK," situated about ten miles North of Ocala, (the County Seat of Marion County), containing 3,000 acres, about one half of which is hammock, unsurpassed by any in the State, and the remainder White Oak and Hickory land.

A TRACT, well known as the "Fort Drane" Plantation, containing 3,000 acres of Land, principally first quality hammock, between four and five hundred acres of which are thoroughly cleared and at present in cultivation. This place for several years averaged two hogheads of Sugar to the acre, and every year that it has been cultivated has produced fine crops of Corn and Cotton. These tracts could readily be divided into two or three plantations, each being surrounded by high rolling pine land.

A TRACT of 1,000 acres on Orange Lake, consisting of hammock, orange grove and well-timbered pine land.

TWO TRACTS of 1,000 each, near the Alchua Prairie. The greater part of these tracts is rich hammock.

Also, 5,000 acres on Indian river. Any one wishing to cultivate Sugar Cane would do well to examine this land, as, being remarkably fertile, and lying south of the region of frost, it is as well adapted to that culture as any in the United States.

12,000 acres, generally known as the "BAYAR TRACT," situated on the St. John's River, opposite Picoletta. There are many small hammocks and orange groves on this tract, but it is principally valuable for its pine timber. It has a river front of 7 or 8 miles.

1,000 acres on Lake George, and several small tracts, c. & near the St. John's river, well situated for farming, the rearing of orange groves, &c.

The above tracts of Land were purchased by the late Gen. Clinch immediately after the accession of Florida to the United States. From his position at that time, his facilities for selection were unusually great, and it is believed they include as good land as can be found in the State.

On account of their accessibility from Charleston and Savannah, they offer great inducements to planters in Carolina and Georgia wishing to remove.

The titles are clear and indisputable.

Terms cash, or payable at Charleston or Savannah, on or before the first of January.

Any further information on the subject, can be obtained by addressing the subscriber, at Orange Spring, Marion County, Florida.

J. H. M. CLINCH, Ex'or.  
September 24. 77 3m

### Three Days from New York.

I HAVE just opened a magnificent assortment of FRENCH EMBROIDERIES, purchased in New York last week, consisting of Worked Muslin Collars of the newest styles, from 10c. up to \$6; Muslin Sleeves and Cuffs, new shapes and patterns; Emb'd. Chemises, plain and frilled; Swiss Edgings and Insertings; Cambric do., in great abundance. 20 dozen Cambric Hdks. Also, a complete stock of Bonnet, Neck and Cap RIBBONS, selected from the latest French Importations; black Velvet Ribbons all widths, colored do., for Trimmings.

I also had the good fortune to receive 35 boxes and bales of DRY GOODS, before the destruction of the Congaree Bridge, the contents of which are now open and ready for public inspection. They consist of white, red and yellow Flannels; Kerseys, Sattinets, Jeans, Tweeds and Cassimeres; Plaid Linens; Cotton Stripes, bleached and brown Hopsburgs and sheetings; 150 pieces of fast colored CALICOES, together with a general assortment of FALL AND WINTER GOODS, all of which are offered at my usual small profits.

Sept. 24. JAMES WILSON.

### Watches and Jewelry.

THE subscriber has received and opened his Fall supply of JEWELRY, consisting of new and elegant styles of Gold Brooches, plain and ornamental—Cuff Pins, Rings and Ear-rings; Gold Chains, for fob and vest; Buckles, Seals and Keys. Gold and Silver Lever Watches, single and hunting cases. Gold Spectacles, Pens and Pencils. Gold and Coral Armlets and Necklaces. Silver Spoons, Forks, Ladles, &c.

Oct. 8.—80ft. ALEXANDER YOUNG.

### Rich Dress Goods.

A BEAUTIFUL assortment of DRESS GOODS, opened to-day, embracing all qualities, to which I would invite the attention of the ladies, as they are handsome, and will be offered low by

Oct. 9—4t. W. ANDERSON.

From the International Magazine.

## The Underground Territories of the United States.

The extraordinary caverns which underlie various parts of this country are of a description suitable in extent and magnificence to the general scale of nature here, in lakes, rivers, cataracts, valleys in which empires are cradled, prairies of scarcely conceivable vastness, and mountains whose bases are amid perpetual flowers and where frozen seas have never intermission of their crashing thunders. In Virginia, New-York, and other states, the caves of Weyer, Schoharie, and many that are less famous but not inferior in beauty or grandeur, are well known to travellers; but the Mammoth Cave, under Kentucky, is world renowned, and such felon states as Naples might hide in it from the scorn of mankind. Considering the common curiosity respecting that strange subterranean country, and the fact of its being resorted to in winter by valetudinarians, on account of its admirable climate—so that our article is altogether reasonable—we give, chiefly from a letter by Mrs. Child, a very full description of this eighth wonder of the world—illustrated by engravings from recent drawings made under the direction of the Rev. Horace Martin, who proposes soon to furnish for tourists an ample volume on the subject.

The Mammoth Cave is in the southwest part of Kentucky, about a hundred miles from Louisville, and sixty from Harrodsburg Springs. The word cave is ill calculated to impress the imagination with an idea of its surpassing grandeur. It is in fact a subterranean world; containing within itself territories extensive enough for half a score of German principalities. It should be named Titans' Palace, or Cyclops' Grotto. It lies among the Knobs, a range of hills, which border an extent of country, like highland prairies, called the Barrens. The surrounding scenery is lovely. Fine woods of oak, hickory, and chestnut, clear of underbrush, with smooth, verdant openings, like the parks of English noblemen.

The cave was purchased by Dr. John Croghan, for ten thousand dollars. To prevent a disputed title, in case any new and distant opening should be discovered, he has likewise bought a wide circuit of adjoining land. His enthusiasm concerning it is unbounded. It is in fact his world; and every newly-discovered chamber fills him with pride and joy, like that felt by Columbus, when he first kissed his hand to the fair Queen of the Antilles. He has built a commodious hotel near the entrance, in a style well suited to the place. It is made of logs, filled in with lime; with a fine large porch, in front of which is a beautiful verdant lawn. Near by, is a funnel-shaped hollow of three hundred acres; probably a cave fallen in. It is called Deer Park, because when those animals run into it, they cannot escape. There are troops of wild deer in the immediate vicinity of the hotel; bear-hunts are frequent, and game of all kinds abound.

Walking along the verge of this hollow, you come to a ravine, leading to Green River, whence you command a view of what is supposed to be the main entrance to the cave. It is a huge cavernous arch, filled in with immense stones, as if giants had piled them there to imprison a conquered demon. No opening has ever been effected here, nor is it easy to imagine that it could be done by the strength of man. In rear of the hotel, is a deep ravine densely wooded, and covered with a luxuriant vegetable growth. It leads to Green River, and was probably once a water course. A narrow ravine, diverging from this, leads by a winding path, to the entrance of the cave. It is a high arch of rocks, rudely piled, and richly covered with ivy and tangled vines. At the top, is a perennial fountain of sweet and cool water, which trickles down continually from the centre of the arch, through the pendant foliage, and is caught in a vessel below. The entrance of this wide arch is somewhat obstructed by a large mound of saltpetre, thrown up by workmen engaged in its manufacture, during the last war. In the course of their excavations, they dug up the bones of a gigantic man; but, unfortunately, they buried them again, without any memorial to mark the spot. They have been sought for by the curious and scientific, but are not yet found.

As you come opposite the entrance of the cave, in summer, the temperature changes instantaneously, from about 85 deg. to below 60 deg., and you feel chilled as if by the presence of an iceberg. In winter, the effect is reversed. The scientific have indulged in various speculations concerning the air of this cave. It is supposed to get completely filled with cold winds during the long blasts of winter, and as there is no outlet, they remain pent up till the atmosphere without becomes warmer than that within; when there is, of course, a continual effort toward equilibrium. Why the air within the cave should be so fresh, pure, and equable, all the year round, even in its deepest recesses, is not so easily explained. Some have suggested that it is continually modified by the presence of chemical agents. Whatever may be the cause, its agreeable salubrity is observed by every visitor, and it is said to have great healing power in diseases of the lungs. The amount of exertion which can be performed here without fatigue, is astonishing. The superabundance of oxygen in the atmosphere operates like moderate doses of exhilarating gas. The traveller feels a buoyant sensation, which tempts him to run and jump, and leap from crag to crag, and bound over the stones in his path. The mind, moreover, sustains the body, being kept in a state of delightful activity, by continual new discoveries and startling revelations.

The wide entrance to the cavern soon contracts, so that but two can pass abreast. At this place, called the Narrows, the air from dark depths beyond blows out fiercely, as if the spirits of the cave had mustered there, to drive intruders back to the realms of day. This path continues about fourteen or fifteen rods, and emerges into a wider avenue, floored with saltpetre earth, from which the stones have been removed. This leads

directly into the Rotunda, a vast hall, comprising a surface of eight acres, arched with a dome a hundred feet high, without a single pillar to support it. It rests on irregular ribs of dark gray rock in massive oval rings, smaller and smaller, one seen within another, till they terminate at the top. Perhaps this apartment impresses the traveller as much as any portion of the cave; because from it he receives his first idea of its gigantic proportions. The vastness, the gloom, the impossibility of taking in the boundaries by the light of lamps—all these produce a deep sensation of awe and wonder.

From the Rotunda, you pass into Audubon's Avenue, from eighty to a hundred feet high with galleries of rock on each side, jutting out farther and farther till they nearly meet at top. This avenue branches out into a vast half-oval hall, called the Church. This contains several projecting galleries, one of them resembling a cathedral choir. There is a gap in the gallery and at the point of interruption, immediately above, is a rostrum, or pulpit, the rocky canopy of which juts over. The guide leads up from the adjoining galleries, and places a lamp each side of the pulpit, on flat rocks, seen made for the purpose.—There has been preaching from this pulpit; but unless it was superior to most theological teaching; it must have been pitifully discordant with the sublimity of the place. Five thousand people could stand in this subterranean temple with ease.

So far, all is irregular, jagged rocks, thrown together in fantastic masses, without any particular style; but now begins a series of imitations which grow more and more perfects, in gradual progression, till you arrive at the end. From the Church you pass into what is called the Gothic Gallery, from its obvious resemblance to that style of architecture. Here is Mummy Hall; so called, because several mummies have been found seated in recesses of the rock. Without any process of embalming, they were in as perfect a state of preservation as the mummies of Egypt; for the air of the cave is so dry and unchangeable, and so strongly impregnated with nitre, that decomposition cannot take place. A mummy found here 1813, was the body of a woman five feet ten inches high, wrapped in half-dressed deer skins, on which were rudely drawn white veins and leaves. At the feet lay a pair of moccasins, and a handsome knapsack, made of bark; containing strings of small shining seeds; necklaces of bear's teeth, eagles' claws, and fawns' red hoofs, whistles made of cane, two rattlesnakes' skins, one having on it fourteen rattles; coronets for the head made of erect feathers of rocks and eagles; smooth needles of horn and bone, some of them crooked like sail-needles; deer's sinews, for sewing, and a parcel of three-corded thread, resembling twine. I believe one of these mummies is now in the British Museum. From Mummy Hall you pass into Gothic Avenue, where the resemblance to Gothic architecture very perceptibly increases. The wall juts out in pointed arches, and pillars on the sides of which are various grotesque combinations of rock. One is an elephant's head. The tusks and sleepy eyes are quite perfect; the trunk at first very distinct gradually recedes, and is lost in the rock. On another pillar is a lion's head; on another is a human head with a wig called Lord Lyndhurst, from its resemblance to that dignitary.

From this gallery you can step into a side cave, in which is an immense pit, called the Lover's Leap. A huge rock, fourteen or fifteen feet long, like an elongated sugar-loaf running to a sharp point projects half way over this abyss. It makes one shudder to see the guide walk to the end of this projectile bridge, over such an awful chasm. As you pass along, the Gothic Avenue narrows, until you come to a porch composed of the first separate columns in the cave. The stalagmite formations unite in these irregular masses of brownish yellow, which, when the light shines through them, look like the transparent amber. They are sonorous as a clear-toned bell. A ponder mass called the Bell, has been unfortunately broken, by being struck too powerfully.

The porch of columns leads to the Gothic Chapel, which has the circular form appropriate to a true church. A number of pure stalactite columns fill the nave with arches, which in many places form a perfect Gothic roof. The stalactites fall in rich festoons, strikingly similar to the highly ornamented chapel of Henry VII. Four columns in the centre form a separate arch by themselves, like trees twisted into a grotto, in all irregular and grotesque shapes. Under this arch stands Wilkins' arm-chair, a stalactite formation well adapted to the human figure. The Chapel is the most beautiful specimen of the Gothic in the cave. Two or three of the columns have richly foliated capitals, like the Corinthian.

If you turn back to the main avenue, and strike off in another direction, you enter a vast room with several projecting galleries, called the Ball Room. In close vicinity, as if arranged by the severer school of theologians, is a large amphitheatre, called Satan's Council Chamber. From the centre rises a mountain of big stones, rudely piled one above another, in a gradual slope, nearly one hundred feet high. On the top rests a huge rock, as big as a house, called Satan's Throne. The vastness, the gloom partially illuminated by the glare of lamps, forcibly remind one of Lucifer on his throne, as represented by Martin in his illustrations of Milton. It requires little imagination to transform the uncouth rocks all around the throne, into attendant demons. Indeed, throughout the cave, Martin's pictures are continually brought to mind, by the unearthly effect of intense gleams of light on black masses of shadow. In this Council Chamber, the rocks, with singular appropriateness, change from an imitation of Gothic architecture, to that of the Egyptian. The dark massive walls resemble a series of Egyptian tombs, in dull and heavy outline. In this place is an angle which forms the meeting point of several caves, and is therefore considered one of the finest points of view. Here parties usually stop and make arrangements to kindle the Bengal Lights, which

travellers always carry with them. It has a strange and picturesque effect, to see groups of people dotted about, at different points of view, their lamps hidden behind stones, and light streaming into thick darkness through chinks in the rocks. When the lights begin to burn their intense radiance casts a strong glare on Satan's Throne; the whole of the vast amphitheatre is revealed to view and you can peer out into the deep recesses of two other caves beyond. For a few moments, gigantic proportions and uncouth forms stand out in the clear, strong gush of brilliant light! and then—all is darkness. The effect is so like magic, that one almost expects to see towering geni striding down deep declivities, or startled by the brilliant flare, shake off their long sleep amongst the dense black shadows.

If you enter one of the caves revealed in the distance, you find yourself in a deep ravine, with huge piles of gray rock jutting out more and more, till they nearly meet at top. Looking upward, through this narrow aperture, you see, high, high above you, a vaulted roof of black rock, studded with brilliant spar, like constellations in the sky, seen at midnight, from the deep clefts of a mountain. This is called the Star Chamber. It makes one think of Schiller's grand description of William Tell sternly waiting for Gessler, among the shadows of the Alps, and of Wordsworth's picture of

"Yorkshire dales  
Among the rocks and winding scars,  
Where deep and low the hamlets lie,  
Beneath their little patch of sky,  
And little lot of stars."

In this neighborhood is a vast, dreary chamber, which Stephen, the guide, called Bandit's Hall, the first moment his eye rested on it; and the name is singularly expressive of its character. Its ragged roughness and sullen gloom are indescribable. The floor is a mountainous heap of loose stones, and not an inch of even surface could be found on roof or walls. Imagine two or three travellers, with their lamps, passing through this place of evil aspect. The deep, suspicious-looking recesses and frightful crags are but partially revealed in the feeble light. All at once, a Bengal Light blazes up, and every black rock and frowning cliff stands out in the brilliant glare. The contrast is sublime beyond imagination. It is as if a man had seen the hills and trees of this earth only in the dim outline of a moonless night, and they should, for the first time, be revealed to him in the gushing glory of the morning sun. But the greatest wonder in this region of the cave, is Mammoth Dome—a giant among giants. It is so immensely high and vast, that three of the most powerful Bengal Lights illuminate it very imperfectly. That portion of the ceiling which becomes visible, is three hundred feet above your head, and remarkably resembles the aisles of Westminster Abbey. It is supposed that the top of this dome is near the surface of the ground. Another route from the Devil's Council Chamber conducts you to a smooth, level path, called Pensocola Avenue.—Here are numerous formations of crystallized gypsum, but not as beautiful or as various as are found farther on. From various slopes and openings, caves above and below are visible. The Mecca's shrine of this pilgrimage is Angelica's Grotto, completely lined and covered with the largest and richest dog's tooth spar. A person who visited the place, a few years since, laid his sacrilegious hands upon it, while the guide's back was turned towards him. He coolly demolished a magnificent mass of spar, sparkling most conspicuously on the very centre of the arch, and wrote his own insignificant name in its place. This was his fashion of securing immortality! It is well that fairies and giants are powerless in the nineteenth century, else had the indignant geni of the cave crushed his bones to impalpable powder.

If you pass behind Satan's Throne, by a narrow ascending path, you come into a vast hall where there is nothing but naked rock. This empty dreary place is appropriately called the Deserted Chamber. Walking along the verge, you arrive at another avenue, inclosing sulphur springs. Here the guide warns you of the vicinity of a pit, one hundred and twenty feet deep, in the shape of a saddle. Stooping over it, and looking upward, you see an abyss of precisely the same shape over your head; a fact which indicates that it began in the upper region, and was merely interrupted by this chamber.

From this you may enter a narrow and very tortuous path, called the Labyrinth, which leads to an immense split or chasm in the rocks. Here is placed a ladder, down which you descend 25 or 30 feet, and enter a narrow cave below, which brings you to a combination of rock called the Gothic Window. You stand in this recess, while the guide ascends huge cliffs overhead, and kindles Bengal Lights, by the help of which you see, two hundred feet above you, a Gothic dome of one solid rock, perfectly over-awing in its vastness and height. Below, is an abyss of darkness, which no eye but the eternal can fathom. If, instead of descending the ladder, you pass straight alongside the chasm, you arrive at the Bottomless Pit, beyond which no one ventured to proceed till 1838. To this fact we probably owe the meagre account by Lieber, in the Encyclopedia Americana. He says, "This cave is more remarkable for extent, than the variety or beauty of its productions; having none of the beautiful stalactites of other caves." For a long period, this pit was considered bottomless, because when stones were thrown into it, they reverberated and reverberated along the sides till lost to the ear, but seemed to find no resting place. It has since been sounded and found to be one hundred and forty feet deep, with a soft and muddy bottom, which returns no noise when a stone strikes upon it. In 1838, the adventurous Stephen threw a ladder across the chasm, and passed over. There is now a narrow bridge of two planks, with a little railing on each side; but as it is impossible to sustain it by one, travellers must pass over in the centre, one by one, and not touch the railing, lest they disturb the balance and overturn the bridge.

This walk brings you into Pensico Avenue.—Hitherto, the path has been rugged, wild, and rough, interrupted by steep acclivities, rocks and big stones; but this avenue has a smooth and level floor, as if the sand had been spread out by gently flowing waters. Through this, descending more and more, you come to a deep arch, by which you enter the Winding Way; a strangely irregular and zig zag path, so narrow that a very stout man could not squeeze through. In some places, the rocks at the sides are on a line with your shoulders, then piled high over your head; and then again, you rise above, and overlook them all, and see them heaped behind you like the mighty waves of the Red Sea, parted for the Israelites to pass through. This toilsome path was evidently made by a rushing winding torrent. Towards the close, the water not having force enough to make a smooth bed, has bored a tunnel. This is so low and narrow, that the traveller is obliged to stoop and squeeze himself through. Suddenly he passes into a vast hall, called the Great Relief; and this leads to the River Hall, at the side of which you have a glimpse of a small cave called the Smoke House, because it is hung with rocks perfectly in the shape of hams. The River Hall descends like slopes of a mountain. The ceiling stretches away—away—before you, vast and grand as the firmament at midnight. No one, who has never seen this cave, can imagine the excitement and awe, with which the traveller keeps his eye fixed on the rocky ceiling, which, gradually revealed in the passing light, continually exhibits some new and unexpected feature of sublimity and beauty.

One of the most picturesque sights in the world is to see a file of men and women passing along these wild and craggy paths—slowly, slowly, that their lamps may have time to illuminate the sky-like ceiling, and gigantic walls; disappearing behind the high cliffs, sinking into ravines, their lights shining upward through fissures in the rocks; then suddenly emerging from some abrupt angle, standing in the bright gleam of their lamps, relieved against the towering black masses around them. He who could paint the infinite variety of creation, can alone give an adequate description of this marvellous region. At one side of River Hall is a steep precipice, over which you can look down, by aid of blazing missiles, upon a broad, black sheet of water, 80 feet below, called the Ded Sea. This is an awfully impressive place, the sights and sounds of which do not easily pass from memory. He who has seen it will have it brought before him by Alfieri's description of Filippo: "Only a transient word or act gives us a short and dubious glimmer, that reveals to us the abysses of his being; dark lurid, and terrific, as the throat of the infernal pool." As you pass along you hear the roar of invisible waterfalls, and at the foot of the slope the River Styx lies before you deep and black, overarched with rock. The first glimpse of it brings to mind the descent of Ulysses into hell. "Where the dark rock o'erhangs the infernal lake, And mingling streams eternal murmurs make."

Across these unearthly waters, the guide can convey but two passengers at once; and these sit motionless in the canoe with feet turned apart, so as not to disturb the balance. Three lamps are fastened to the Prow, the images of which are reflected in the dismal pool.

If you are impatient of delay, or eager for new adventures, you can leave your companions lingering about the shore, and cross the Styx by a dangerous bridge of precipices over-head. In order to do this, you must ascend a steep cliff and enter a cave above, from an egress of which you find yourself on the bank of the river, eighty feet above its surface, commanding a view of those passing in the boat, and those waiting on the shore. Seen from this height, the lamps in the canoe glare like fiery eyeballs; and the passengers sitting there, so hushed and motionless, look like shadows. The scene is so strangely funeral and spectral, that it seems as if the Greeks, must have witnessed it, before they imagined Charon conveying ghosts to the dim regions of Pluto. Your companions, thus seen, do indeed—

"Skim along the dusky glades,  
Thin airy shoals, and visionary shades."

If you turn your eye from the canoe, to the parties of men and women, whom you left waiting on the shore, you will see them, by the gleam of their lamps, scattered in picturesque groups, looming out in bold relief from the dense darkness around them.

When you have passed the Styx, you soon meet another stream, appropriately called Lethe. The echoes here are absolutely stunning. A single voice sounds like a powerful choir; and could an organ be played, it would deprive the hearer of his senses. When you have crossed, you enter a high level hall, named the Great Walk, half a mile of which brings you to another river, called the Jordan. In crossing this, the rocks, in one place, descend so low, as to leave only eighteen inches for the boat to pass through. Passengers are obliged to double up, and lie on each other's shoulders till this gap is passed. This uncomfortable position is, however, of short duration, and you suddenly emerge to where the vault of the cave is more than a hundred feet high. In the fall of the year, this river often rises almost instantaneously, over fifty feet above low-water mark; a phenomenon supposed to be caused by heavy rains from the upper earth.

On this account, autumn is an unfavorable season for those who wish to explore the cave throughout. If parties happen to be caught on the other side of Jordan, when the sudden rise takes place, a boat conveys them, on the swollen waters, to the level of an upper cave, so low that they are obliged to enter on hands and knees, and crawl through. This place is called Purgatory. People on the other side, aware of their danger, have a boat in readiness to receive them. The guide usually sings while crossing the Jordan, and his voice is reverberated by a choir of sweet echoes. The only animals ever found in the cave are fish, with which this stream abounds. They are perfectly white, and without eyes; at